Vol. CXLIV. No. 1870

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THE BYSTANDER October 18, 1939

The BYSTANDER

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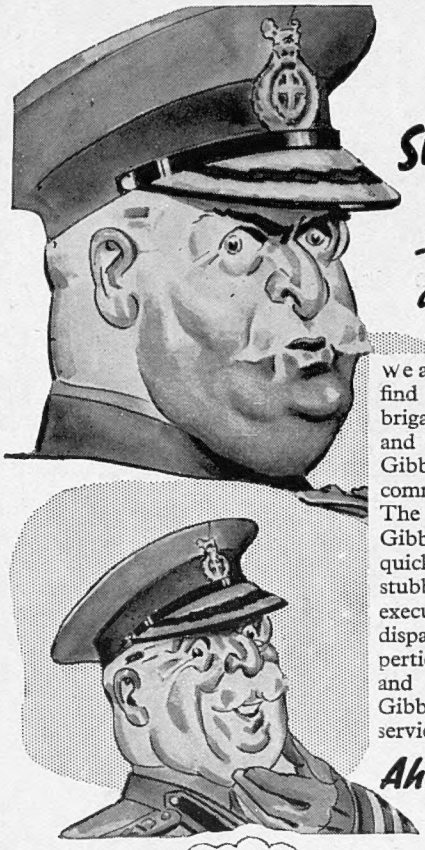

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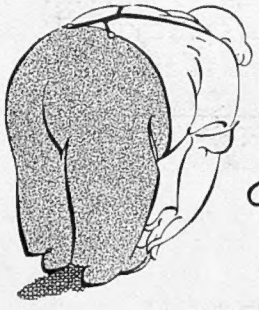

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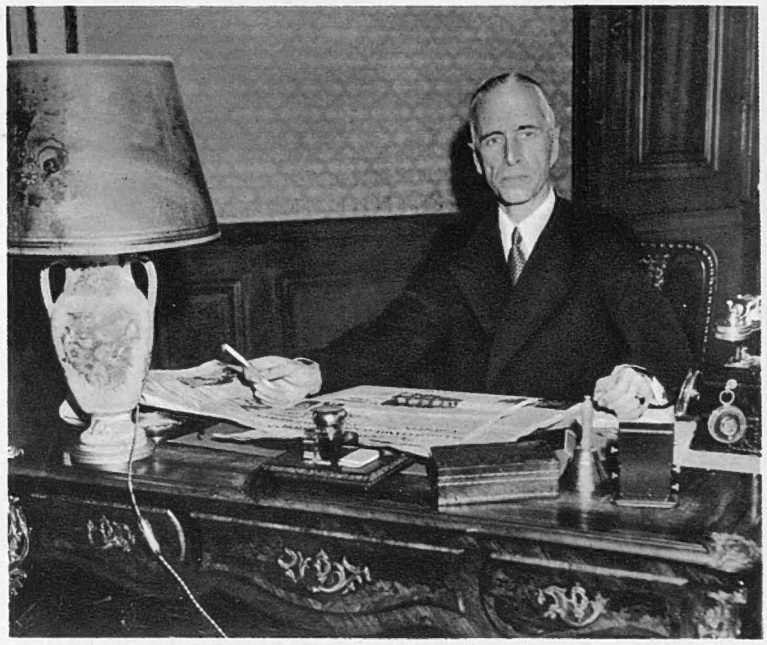
No. 1870. Vol. CXLIV.

The Bystander

The Winner of the First War Race

Miss V. Bullock, on Mr. R. Middlemas's Contrevent, won the first race of the war last Thursday, the Newmarket Town Plate, which Charles II. instituted in 1666 to be run on the second Thursday in October for ever. She is the daughter of the Cheshire trainer; Contrevent won the Cesarewitch last year. Second was Lord Derby's Roanoke, ridden by Miss Angela Earl, daughter of the owner's trainer. One of the eight jockeys was Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy



The New Polish President

M. Wladislaw Raczkiewicz, who has succeeded M. Moscicki as President of Poland, took his oath of office on September 30th at the Polish Embassy in Paris (where he was photographed), now the seat of the Polish Government. He is the son of a famous Polish patriot, started his own career by being arrested as a St. Petersburg student for working for his country's freedom. His Foreign Minister, M. Auguste Zalewski, came to London on a visit last week. The United States and Brazil are among the neutrals who recognise the Polish Government

Flying to Watch the War

Last week, the fifth of the war, arrangements were at last complete for accredited war correspondents to leave for France (Mr. Macdonell comments here on the War Office squabble aroused by their air transit). Boarding the aeroplane here, in their special uniforms, are Tebbutt (Australian Newspaper Services), Ford (Paramount), Gallagher ("Daily Express"), Bonnett (Gaumont), Walling (Reuters), Henry (Columbia Broadcasting Company) and Gervasi ("Collier's Magazine")

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Peace Offensive is in full swing, but I was wrong when I predicted last week that Count Ciano would be skirmishing briskly on the wing of the main Berlin Peace Army. Signor Mussolini has many detractors, and I myself have said some harsh things about him in the past (and much he cared), but no one has ever cast doubts upon his astuteness. He might have sponsored a peace programme that had a chance of success in Paris and in London, but he is not the man to back a horse that obviously is going to sit down at the starting-gate.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S reaction to the Peace Offensive has been misunderstood, mainly owing to Mr. Duff Cooper's passionate reply to it in the House of Commons. So far as the actual words of the speech read, they seem to be an appeal that any peace offer should at any rate be considered and not rejected beforehand. But the former Prime Minister was emphatic in saying that he was whole-heartedly opposed to surrender, and he asked the question: "Have I ever been associated with the word surrender?" And no one in their senses could answer that question in the affirmative. The rejection of the Peace Plan without a reasoned reply would have a very bad effect on neutral opinion, and would give the successor of Dr. Goebbels, whoever he may be, a grand opportunity to persuade the German people that we are the war-makers.

THE agitation for a small War Cabinet of Ministers without portfolio is growing stronger every day. The Prime Minister has rejected the idea, but it is doubtful whether he will be able to stand up to the pressure for more than, say, six months. My own nomination for a War Cabinet would be the P.M., Mr. Churchill, Lord Chatfield, Lord Hankey, with Lord Stamp to look after the economic side. It would be a pretty hot team, and would be hotter still if Mr. Herbert Morrison could be induced to join it to look after the industrial side of the war.

MR. ROBERT SIEVIER, who died last week, was a remarkable man, although he had no direct responsibility for the earliest and in some ways most remarkable feat of his seventy-nine years of life, for he contrived to get himself born in a hansom cab. He figured in several sensational law-suits in his time, particularly the action against Wootton, the famous trainer, and his trial on the charge of attempting to extract money from the Joels. The cross-examination of Sievier made enchanting reading, often running on the following sort of lines:

COUNSEL: "Is it true that a man was found dead outside your room in a hotel in Melbourne?"

SIEVIER: "There was nothing proved."

He was, perhaps, the last of the great Victorian and Edwardian gamblers.

QUITE by chance I was one of the first half-dozen spectators of the great fire in the Pantechnicon building near Belgrave Square. At a quarter to six, there was only an occasional and thin puff of smoke from the basement, and the single fire-engine which had arrived with a complement of regulars and auxiliaries, took the whole matter very casually. They strolled about, exchanging jokes with us, and occasionally trying vainly to get one of the new auxiliary pumps working. Three hours later, the whole sky of the West End was lit up by the roaring flames and showers of sparks.

THE latest R.A.F. communiqué on the subject of the photographic reconnaissance of Germany from France to the North Sea contains one interesting point. For the first time in the history of warfare, so far as I know, it was officially stated that anti-aircraft fire was accurately directed by sound-range. At Coblenz the aeroplanes were invisible above the clouds, yet the anti-aircraft barrage burst all round them, luckily without registering a hit.

THE War Office has started action on a new front, their opponents this time being the Air Ministry. The forty-odd war-correspondents left for France last week, and five of them, in order to save time and trouble, had applied to the R.A.F. for a bomber to take them over. The R.A.F. agreed with alacrity, but at the very last moment the War Office stepped in and said that any correspondent going anywhere near the R.A.F. would have to stay with the R.A.F. for the duration, and would not be allowed near the Army. Small-mindedness could hardly go further. During the earlier bicker with the Huns, the Army spent laborious but profitable hours

co-operating with the R.A.F., and I fancy for the purpose of winning a war our method was somewhat an improvement on the present one.

INCIDENTALLY, the *Daily Express*, with characteristic courage, has accepted the challenge of the War Office, and has instructed its correspondent to go at once to the R.A.F. and write some stories about it. Then, if the War Office refuses to allow the *Daily Express* man to go to the Army, the *Daily Express* will tell the world.

THE most interesting part of Sir Kingsley Wood's summary of the war in the air was the Canadian scheme. Canada is not only to be one of the great industrial centres for the production of aeroplanes, but also it is to be a finishing school for airmen for the Empire. A preliminary training will be carried out in the various parts of the Empire, but the final polish in a great many cases will be given in Canada. A mission is already on its way to prepare the ground.

THE Baltic situation got steadily worse last week. The Finns are a stubborn and independent people, and seemed likely to resist Soviet aggression to the end. But, of course, it is a small country. If Sweden and Norway came to its assistance, the matter would be altered to a certain extent, but then there is the possible attitude of Germany. Would she take the opportunity to pounce upon Sweden in order to secure the iron-ore which she so badly needs? Or would Mr. Stalin politely tell the Führer that he can handle Scandinavia himself, and please keep out of it? In any case we are witnessing the identical process of 1914-18. The conflagration cannot be localised.

BUREAUCRACY is still in fine fettle all over the country. The commandeering of hotels to make room for Government staffs has shocked the public conscience pretty considerably. If the hotels were wanted—and I have no doubt whatever that they were—in a great many cases surely it would have been possible to give more than twenty-four hours' or forty-eight hours' notice before destroying a business which, perhaps, had been built up by generations of hard work. Many of these hotels will never again be able to open under the same management.

A RESTRICTION which surely will have to go very soon is the rationing of coal and gas. If there is one commodity of which this country has plenty it is coal, and there are tens of thousands of unemployed miners hanging round the pit-heads longing for work. In Durham alone, fourteen of the biggest mines are standing idle, and all the time the winter is coming on, and the discomfort of cold and gloom is to be added unnecessarily to the other discomforts which the people will be cheerfully bearing because they are necessary.

WHILE I am on the subject of grievances and grumbles, what about the B.B.C., hidden away so cunningly that no one in this country has the faintest idea where they are (except, of course, those of us who have had letters from friends in the Corporation bearing the postmark of the local town, and, of course, the German people, to whom the exact position was broadcast from Berlin the other day)? (To give them their due, the German propaganda department does occasionally think up quite a good joke.) Everyone knows that the dismal programmes are not entirely the fault of the B.B.C. itself, but of the departments which are now virtually in control of it. But one thing I would beg our broadcasters to consider. With only one programme, surely the various band-leaders and musicians could tell each other what they propose to play, so that we should not have to listen to the same song broadcast three times in twenty-four hours, as we did last week.

JUST as I was finishing this Hour as it Passes, my copy of the *New Yorker* arrived. I pounced on it, as usual, and read it from cover almost to cover. I say "almost" because I stopped, in a quiet fury of contempt, at an article by the famous critic, Mr. Wolcott Gibbs, about *Journey's End*. Mr. Sherriff's play is being performed at the Empire in New York at the moment, and Mr. Gibbs is full of knowledgeable giggles at the characters and the way they talk. He also sneers at the fact that Mr. Sherriff has not gone into the whole philosophical aspect of war. "You may, in short, have *Journey's End*. If you want me, I will be hanging around with some of those tough old realists in the Oxford Group," he says. The answer is too simple. We don't want Mr. Gibbs, and we aren't in the least surprised at the company he is keeping. What battles did Mr. Gibbs fight in, that he knows how British soldiers talk? And where is he now, when British soldiers are once again crossing to France, and talking exactly as Mr. Sherriff wrote?

Dorothy Hyson and Her Airman Husband

Robert Douglas Finlayson, whose first two names place him in the stage world, is now in the ranks of the R.A.F. His wife, Dorothy Hyson, has been doing Red Cross training, but now she is rehearsing in a new show called "Let's Face It." Her mother, Dorothy Dickson, is in the Novello comedy, "Second Helping," which is also being rehearsed

Islington's Surprise "Raid"

Admiral Sir Edward Evans ("of the Broke") has been setting imaginary sirens wailing here and there in his London Civil Defence command. Last Thursday he tested Islington's A.R.P. with a well-planned sham "air raid," and went himself to watch fires, gas, casualties being dealt with pointed a comment on first-aid work with outstretched finger

News Reel

Actress Weds Producer : Diana Beaumont, Gabriel Toyne

A London war wedding last week was between Diana Beaumont, the English stage and film actress, and a niece of the late Sir Gerald du Maurier, and Gabriel Toyne, author and producer. It was not the first marriage of either : Diana Beaumont was officially Mrs. Muriel Ida Mary Barter ; Gabriel Toyne's previous wife was Margaret Rawlings. Chelsea Register Office was their choice and this picture shows them, beflowered, leaving it

Actors' Expeditionary Force Sails to Canada

Thirty-six actors and actresses left for Canada last week on a tour organised by Maurice Colbourne and Barry Jones under the auspices of the British Council. Three plays will be in their repertoire, Mr. Colbourne's own "Charles the King," Shaw's "Geneva," Bridie's "Tobias and the Angel." The leading lady of the company, Jessica Tandy, was re-crossing the Atlantic after her appearance in Paul Vincent Carroll's "The White Steed" in New York (Gilbert Miller planned to bring it to London this autumn). The group shows (l. to r.) Colbourne, Miss Tandy, Jones, Sibelle Duan and Norah Howard

The National Gallery changes from One Art to Another

The first of the series of lunch-hour concerts in the picture-evacuated parts of the National Gallery was given last week and proved an immediate success, all seats being occupied in a short time and a large number of overflow-ers sitting on the floor. Myra Hess, who was a prime mover in the scheme, struck the first public notes of music in the halls of graphic art, her programme consisting of one Italian and three German composers. The concerts will continue for the duration of hostilities

From Capri to the Microphone

Gracie Fields gave her first broadcast recital since her convalescence in Capri for half an hour last Wednesday. Supported by revue chorus and variety orchestra, Gracie tuned her programme nicely to the occasion, ranging from "Little Sir Echo" to "The Yeomen of England"

Postponed—Now Due

These young stage-folk, Rosalyn Boulter and John Penrose, were given parts in "French for Love," by Marguerite Steen and Derek Patmore; it was due in September, postponed till October, and is now billed for West End presentation. Penrose, from Cape Town, made his name in "A Woman's Privilege"; Rosalyn was in the New York "George and Margaret"

Called from Stage to First Aid

Adelaide Stanley, sister of Pamela ("Vicky") Stanley and Lord Stanley of Alderley, was to have sung opera airs in the Crazy Gang's "The Little Dog Laughed," but was called up as V.A.D. on the outbreak. She made up by giving her services at the cabaret for A.R.P. workers in Chelsea Town Hall last week. In private life she is the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Lubbock

Flag-Sellers with a Park Lane Beat

The Hon. Mrs. Henry Sherek was on home ground selling Red Cross fund flags outside the Dorchester—her husband has been in charge of a good many of the floor shows there for the last years. Also labelled "Give Freely" in this wealthy neighbourhood was Adèle Dixon

He Put in a Cheque for £100,000 and Got a Flag

National Red Cross flag day and Lord Nuffield's (62nd) birthday fell on Tuesday of last week and the undaunted philanthropist celebrated the occasion by giving a cheque for £100,000—here going into the box—to the fund, at the Mansion House

Honouring the Last War's Memory

1914-18 comrades of the 24th Division met to greet each other and remember those not there by laying a wreath on the divisional war memorial in Battersea Park. Two of them were Flying Officer Gilbert Frankau, now in the R.A.F.V.R., and Sergeant W. Monteath, as habile with arms as the other is with words: he fought in the Afridi, Boer, and "Great" wars. Frankau saw service in 1914 at Mons, Ypres, and the Somme, then on the Italian front, was invalided out in 1918

Social Register

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Quarry

In the first-night audience at the Westminster for J. B. Priestley's "Music at Night" were a young couple who had been married a week earlier. Richard Quarry is the son of the late Major St. J. Quarry, and Mrs. Myers, of Woodmancote Manor, Cirencester. Mrs. Quarry was Biddy Lloyd, is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Lloyd, of Ferne, Highclere, Berks.

The Hon. Max and Mrs. Aitken

Dining out together at a London restaurant were another recently-married pair. Max Aitken, who is in the R.A.F., is Lord Beaverbrook's elder son. He married Cynthia Monteith, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Hugh Monteith, just before the war

Lord and Lady

Archibald George Montgomerie christened ten days ago at St. married last year, and have Windsor. His father is the Winton, his mother was the Hon. Ronald Watson, of

The Countess of Jersey, Miss Pauline Winn

Socialites were thick on the Mayfair flag-selling "beats" on Tuesday last week, the first national flag day of the war. Lady Jersey and Pauline Winn, daughter of the Hon. Charles Winn and the Hon. Lady Baillie, were stationed near the Ritz. Lady Jersey had only returned from America a week or so before

Lady O'Neill, Mrs. Robin Wilson

Also selling the Red Cross and St. John Funds' white narcissus on the Ritz beat were Lady O'Neill and Mrs. Robin Wilson (formerly Countess of Jersey). "Flower-girls" had the luck of a warm golden morning, wore neat suits and light blouses without shivering

The Hon. Pearl

Selling outside Grosvenor House father, Lord Luke, was at the Nuffield "posted" his huge p. 69). Lord Luke, who works on the executive committee of that Tuesday evening the Fund had

Montgomerie and Their Son

was born at the end of August and Mary's, Dalkeith. His parents were been living at Queen Anne's Mead, elder son of the Earl of Eglinton and Ursula Watson, is the daughter of 11, Clarendon Crescent, Edinburgh

Lord Manton

Lord Manton has gone back to his old regiment, who now march drably through the streets in khaki instead of jingling proudly past on horses, with the head of every passer-by turning to watch them. Lord Manton went into the Army in 1917 when he was eighteen, resigned his commission in 1923

Lord Inverclyde

Lord Inverclyde, who has a batch of Glasgow children billeted at Castle Wemyss, in Renfrewshire, was photographed with a young tartan-skirted evacuee. He was on active service from 1914 to 1919, was wounded, left the Scots Guards in 1922, is now a full Colonel

Lawson-Johnson

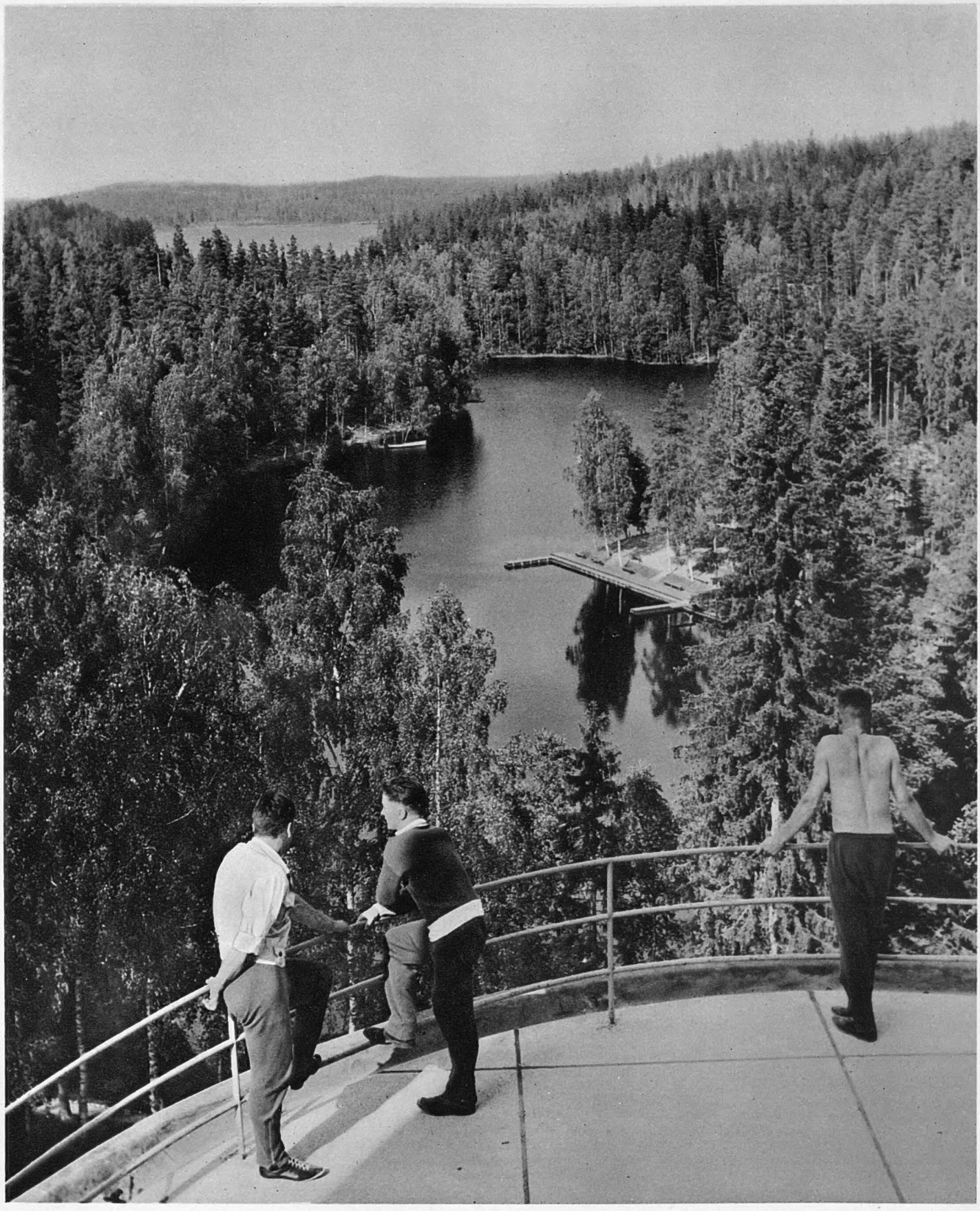
was Pearl Lawson-Johnson, whose Mansion House when Lord cheque in a collecting box (see for many charitable causes, is the Lord Mayor's Fund. On £386,000 in the Bank of England

Lady Burghley

An ambulance driver at a London A.R.P. depot, wearing the usual "uniform" of sports shirt, pullover, and slacks, tin hat and gas-mask, is Lady Burghley. She is the younger sister of the Duchess of Gloucester and wife of the Marquess of Exeter's heir

Lady Juliet Duff Serves Sandwiches

Lady Juliet Duff lives at Bulbridge House, Wilton, which is just on the edge of the Salisbury Plain country. She works in a canteen near her home where swarms of gunners pour in in their off-duty hours for tea and coffee and sandwiches and the rest of the canteen wares. Lady Juliet Duff's first husband, Sir Robin Duff, was killed in action in 1914



A Forest Lake in Finland

Like nearly all Russia's European neighbours, Finland, the most northerly, has a large slice of Russian domination in her history. Up to 1917 Finland had not been free since her forceful conversion to Christianity in the 1200's. First the Swedes, then—for a hundred years—the Russians, did well out of its rich forests and fields and its hardworking peasants. Last week, after two decades of freedom spent better than by any other European nation, Finland had to marshal her forces against the threat of re-domination, and newspaper readers of the world suddenly had their eyes focussed on the sub-Arctic republic. This picture, taken from the balcony of the athletic training academy at Vierumaki, gives a typical Finnish scene—lake, forest, field, forest again. In the foreground stand three young Finns, typically bursting with stamina and good health. Into the lake below they plunge after a session in the Sauna, a Finnish national institution consisting of a sort of Turkish bath during which the bathers flagellate themselves with birch twigs to invigorate the skin and pores. Next week, the *Bystander* will present a pictorial essay of life in the Finnish country, in the form of visits to a smallholder and to a landowner

Films of the Day

Hollywood as Anti-Democracy Propaganda

By George Campbell

If I were Dr. Goebbels and had a prejudice against capitalist democracies, which is a thing totalitarian propagandists are apt to have, though, of course, a little something put by in the old foreign sock is a different matter—if I were the Herr Doktor, I say, I 'd pay a lot of money to have *These Glamour Girls* distributed in neutral countries. Who could want better evidence that a democracy's upper classes are witless hooligans ?

This, I take it, isn't exactly what Hollywood meant. In the all-in bout between Lana Turner, the dancing red-head from New York's " Joyland," and the Misses Jane Bryan, Anita Louise, Marsha Hunt and Ann Rutherford, representing America's aristocracy, your sympathies are supposed to be all with the taxi-dancer thrown to the wolves at the fashionable university of " Kingsford " in roughly the equivalent of May Week. And so they would be—for isn't she Cinderella ?—if only you believed in her, and in them. But you don't. *These Glamour Girls* takes you back to *Flaming Youth* and *Our Dancing Daughters*. Further, in fact ; it is positively early de Mille. Any moment you expect to have one of the glamour boys calling for a gold cuspidor, or a glamour girl taking a champagne bath. *Nazi Spy* showed that Americans can dish it out. *These Glamour Girls* proves again that when it comes to satire they can take it.

By way of compensation for a lot of ill-mannered buffoonery, the dialogue gleams with unexpected wit. I liked one girl's reflection on the rise of chivalry : " Nowadays they lead you by the hand : before, they got you climbing the wallpaper " ; and the dance hostess's advice to the debutante who wanted her admirer to look up to her : " Aw, there 's only one way to make a college boy look up to you. Climb a ladder."

Lana Turner, M.-G.-M.'s new discovery, doesn't make the ten-cents-a-dance girl too rococo ; and I suppose the others, including Lew Ayres, were odious to order and deserve our sympathy. Of the whole gang only one, I thought, stood out, and she was perhaps the silliest of the lot—a 1936 debutante, an out-moded too-too-diviner, broken-hearted because she hasn't snapped up a husband by 1939. " Just because you 've been around a couple of years," she says resentfully, " they seem to think you 're folk-lore or something." She seems to take a pretty gloomy view of the marriage market herself ; for when a particularly caddish youth (Tom Brown) refuses to marry her in an alcoholic coma she drives on to a railway track and waits for the express. Even in death she 's out of luck, for the lout sobers up in a hurry and leaps clear. Ridiculous and over-dramatised though she is, Marsha Hunt, with her great haunted eyes and hungry mouth and queer, wild grace, makes the febrile creature live.

If you are a Cagney fan you will remember his racing driver in *The Crowd Roars*—a first-rate performance in a third-rate picture. Now they have made the story again, this time with Pat O'Brien as the champion driver, John Payne as the young brother who wants to chuck the law to be a racing driver too, and Ann Sheridan as the oomph girl who comes between them. The feud reaches its 150-miles-an-hour climax on the track when O'Brien, half-drunk, drives madly to overhaul his brother, bumps his team-mate (Frank McHugh) and sees him hurtle off the track to die in flames.

Naturally this does his morale no particular good. From now on he can't drive fast enough to keep out of milk-carts' way. Finished on the track, he goes down and down until he is hitch-hiking to Cincinnati, penniless and hungry, to see his brother race for the 200-mile championship. The brother is injured in one arm and has to vacate the driving-seat for the mechanic's, this apparently being a job that a one-armed man can do ; and guess who takes the wheel and wins in the last twenty yards ? No, not the oomph girl, or the dead friend's ghost. None other than the elder and wiser brother, restored to his old form by a woman's trust and a plate of nourishing stew at a quick-lunch counter.

I remember the original *Cat and the Canary* as one of the wilder thrillers, full of clutching hands and screaming women and bodies that kept falling out of panels. Now Paramount have made it again, and it is all the better for more wit and less screaming. Even now I would hardly call it a slice of life, but some slight attempt has been made at characterisation, and the dialogue is liveliness itself. " Aren't you afraid of big, empty houses ? " demands the frightened girl of the actor-hero ; to which he replies : " Not me—I used to be in vaudeville."

" Black Eyes," a remake of the French melodrama of old St. Petersburg, starring Harry Baur, begins with the assumption that an amorous young woman can grow up on the best of terms with her father and remain as ignorant of the nature of his business—he is a head-waiter—as he is of her hobbies. Thanks to a little money-lending, listening-in to financiers' conversation, and providing discreet private rooms for patrons like the amorous banker, the head-waiter is doing rather nicely. If you want to know what course etiquette prescribes for a head-waiter aware that his best customer is about to seduce his only daughter, I can only refer you to the performances of Otto Kruger, Mary Maguire and Walter Rilla in a film that was hardly worth making in French and certainly not worth remaking in English.

" These Glamour Girls "

Ann Rutherford, Mary Beth Hughes, Anita Louise, Jane Bryan and Marsha Hunt are in one camp, rich young socialite sub-debutantes. In the enemy camp is a lone intruder, a ten-cents-a-dance girl, Lana Turner. The battle has a U.S. college setting, with various college boys as objective. This rather adolescent comedy (at the Empire from October 6th) is reviewed on this page. Mr. Campbell has something to say about Marsha Hunt, not much about the new red-headed M.-G.-M. discovery, Lana Turner

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Now you've split an infinitive ! "

BEGINNING the fifth week of the Great Hitlerian War, at which time these pregnant words are written, the British Public is being regaled with Press photographs chiefly involving rugged Chelsea pensioners, none too decoratively posed by the camera-boys, scrutinising maps of Europe or jovially trying on steel helmets ; British soldiers arm-in-arm with poilus and French tars arm-in-arm with British tars ; Boy Scouts humping sacks of waste - paper ; A.T.S. girls stumping stolidly down Lambeth Walk—a rather half-hearted effort at whimsy, we thought ; the Houses of Parliament by moonlight ; Miss Hersey Baird, driver to Gen. Sir Walter Kirke (almost daily) ; Prince Serge Obolensky, R.A.F., lacing up his Rugby boots ; a Peeress or two sewing for the Red Cross ; evacuated schoolboys picking fruit for farmers, and other matter of the type one may dismiss as mental gripe-water, like the stuff with which they soothe infants suffering from colic. And who is to blame ? The Ministry of " Information " to a large extent still, no doubt. Friendly neutrals (grr-rrr !) everywhere are still expressing wide-eyed alarm at a system which still allows Nazi propaganda abroad to scoop the pool. On the other hand, it 's obvious that until the balloon goes up (as you read these words the sky may be crashing about your ears. No matter. Take a deep rubbery breath and continuez toujours, mon enfant, as kindly Papa Joffre said to the nervous St. Cyr cadet who explained that he was a Negro) the strictest secrecy is desirable. And one should always remember, even if Mr. Churchill hadn't pointed it out, that war is an alternation of acute discomfort and long, deathly boredom.

Whether the boredom at home is going to be worse than the boredom of the line, masses of Old Bills will soon be discovering, to their great surprise and distaste. Fancy being a so-and-so civilian ! Imagine being actually one of those fatted twirps who used to curl up nightly in a cosy bed and tell the troops on leave stories about air raids, implying that the Front was paradise in comparison ! We see in our dreams a martial boot raised instinctively to kick a pair of well-creased non-combatant pants, and we realise with waking horror that those pants are now our own. It 's like finding oneself all over feathers, or swollen with elephantiasis. Having anxiously inspected our homely pan in the mirror, to find out whether the first stages of civilianitis are anything like cholera, we routed out our modest decorations in a panic. They looked (and look) to us exactly as if we won them for Rotary, or cycling.

Thriller

THOUGH a brisker title than *Documents Concerning German-Polish Relations and the Outbreak of Hostilities Between Great Britain and Germany on September 3, 1939*, might have been found for the current shilling best-seller, there can be no doubt that it leaves our most eminent and feverish booksy boys and girls right out in the alley with the empties so far as dramatic interest is concerned. The cool, skilful restraint of the British Ambassador's despatches suggests the full violence of the scenes he went through with the gangster leaders quite superbly, and though the judicious will mildly grieve that Sir Nevile should have thought fit to use a runcible verb like " aggressed " (" he [Ribbentrop] wished to state that it was not Germany who had aggressed Poland " — Despatch of September 1, p. 169), it 's likely that if you or we had just faced that foaming bounder we 'd have done the same. " Identic " (" . . . received an identic reply "—same despatch) equally. Until now bear in mind, ambassadors of every nation have been used to courtesy at all times, and their office and persons have been deemed sacrosanct down the ages from the earliest times. This time the Nazis not only behaved like Bowery toughs in argument, but actually tried to kill our Ambassador on his way home, if reports of that Channel crossing are true. Mr. Duff Cooper was correct in describing Germany's present leaders as no gentlemen.

So if the New Diplomacy should take the place of the old, which God avert, every Foreign Office will soon need a boxing and jiu-jitsu instructor, a dainty pair of engraved knuckledusters and a length of lead-piping will find a place in every Ambassador's personal baggage, and the Court Circular will announce that the latest thug to present his credentials to H.M. is a heavy, middle, or lightweight, as the case may be.

Interlude

A BRIEF line in *The Times* recording the recent death of a Mrs. Frewen in Sussex at the age of 105 detained your interest not long, probably, unless it occurred to you that the old lady as a child may have gazed on the last of the Regency bucks handling the ribbons on the Brighton road. To chaps who know their Sussex, however, it may have afforded a fragrant momentary respite from war's alarms. Frewen is one of the really ancient Sussex names, like Billing (of Billingshurst) and Lower, stretching back to St. Wilfred's time, almost ; though not so ancient, probably, as the Kentish-Sussex Hobdens, a name meaning Hob of the Dene and aptly utilised by Slogger Kipling in his Pook's Hill stories. There have been Frewens in Sussex for centuries, and their Christian names haven't varied much, except during the Commonwealth, when they burst, like so many other rustic

" Oh ! Mr. Slingsby, sir—you've forgotten your gas-mask ! "

enthusiasts, into a rash of uffish grotesquerie, naming their offspring Fight-the-good-fight and Stand-fast-on-high; though even these hapless ones were beaten to it by a Mr. Fly-fornication Richardson of Waldron, a Mr. Weep-not Billing of Lewes, and a Miss Renewed Wisberry of Hailsham, whose names still glorify the County archives. About the same time, or perhaps some time earlier, unless we err in a stinking manner, the Welch were leaving off calling themselves confusingly Evan Ap Evan and Griffith Ap Griffith, and taking on surnames from the Old Testament, such as Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, which sometimes cause them to be confused with the non-Aryan races, whose own occasional preference for such names as Howard and St. Clair developed much later and came to fruition in the glorious reign of Edward VII.

Sussex is the poorer to-day for many entrancing native surnames, rich of the soil, collected by E. V. Lucas among others; names which have long since disappeared, we judge. Where, except in Mr. Masefield's pages—remember the mate in *Odtaa*?—can you find a Mr. Whiskey to-day? Or Mr. Wildgoose? Or Mr. Slybody? Or Mr. Pitchfork? Or Mr. Hollowbone? Or Mr. Juglery? Or Mr. Hogsflesh, who inspired Lamb to write a so-so farce? Autant en emporte le vent, as Villon remarked in a melancholy song; the wind has blown them all away. Not so, thank Heaven, the myriad Smiths, whose noble name goes back to Thor and his hammer (they say).

Cricket

MEDITATING, not without pleasure, on the knockout blow delivered by Honest Joe ("Soso") Djugashvili, alias Stalin, to our Red and Pink boys, and all the Bloomsbury gang, who are still gasping and goggling at their democratic god's emergence as Hitler's favourite buddy and master in brute totalitarian conquest, we fell to thinking of our native criminals, and how decently they 're behaving (up to now). Scotland Yard is quite astonished at the bad boys, we hear. Notwithstanding the enormous nightly temptation of the black-outs and the general upset, they 're acquitting themselves (up to now) like little cricketers. The weekly murder looks like being a monthly one, burglaries on any scale are almost non-existent, and any blackmail which is still going on is practically confined to the City. It only proves, once more, the essential patriotism of the criminal classes, of which there was plenty of proof in the last war. One of them confided to a chap we know that (like most others of the profession who fought for England) his modest ambition on being demobbed was to buy himself a really first-class set of the very latest crib-cracking tools, of finest Sheffield steel by a well-known maker whose name he would, naturally, never divulge. Possibly he 's retired by now, living in Surrey and a J.P.

Some of the guarded information this authority gave our friend we 've since encountered, more or less embroidered and garbled, in crime-novels, from which we deduce that, like Harley Street specialists, the boys don't mind occasionally giving away, as a great favour, obsolete or unimportant tips. The message of those ringing lines—

> When Science has discovered something more,
> We shall be happier than we were before—

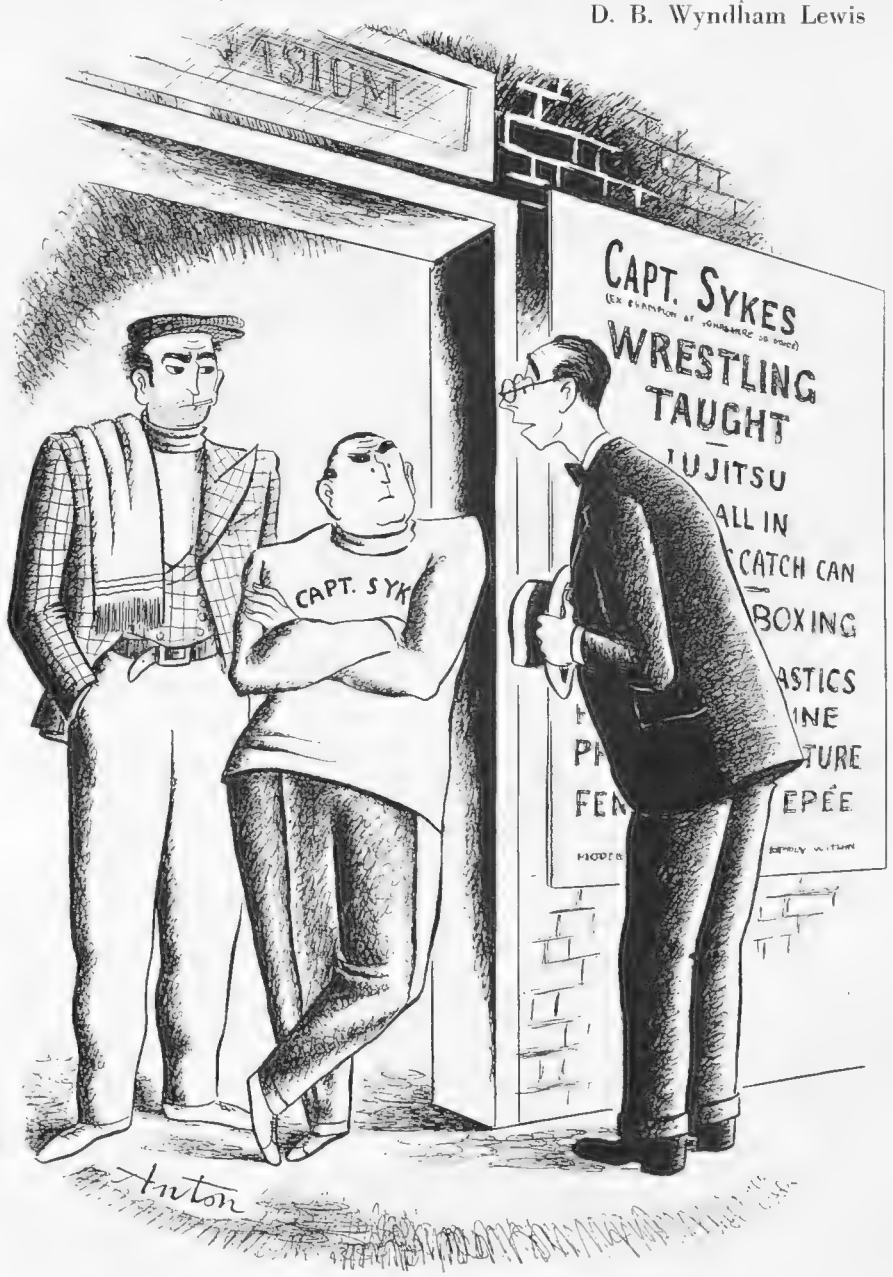
is ever their theme, though in homelier language.

Fortress

JUDGING by the barricading and sandbags guarding her valuable old torso, Auntie *Times* is expecting a siege (we thought, idly admiring the present decor) at any moment. The thought of Auntie's boys selling their lives dearly on the Grand Staircase, somewhat impeded by their aged whiskers getting entangled with their rifle-bolts, gave us a mild throb of pleasure, but some of her sandbagging, like 75 per cent. of the sandbagging one sees round and about London, struck us as not so hot, if the object of the bags is to stop shell-splinters. There seems to be a tremendous amount of wasted effort in this direction. Apart from the question whether many of the shops and buildings of London thus protected are worth it, the half-hearted and amateurish nature of the work is obvious to a trained, if bloodshot old eye like ours. Look at the sandbags piled by the Guards outside Marlborough House and you will realise the difference between scientific filling, piling and packing, and merely filling a bag with earth and dumping it down. No doubt when the rough stuff begins the boys will pick up a few tips; and this goes especially for the Fleet Street office of a Scottish newspaper which is sandbagged with characteristic caution right up to the eyebrows, but not terribly well.

While the Parisians have protected most of their public works of art with sandbags and wood, nothing much has been done about London's statues, which is a not unpleasing thought. If anybody on a bus asks you to define a "just" war, remember that it is a war actuated by a sovereign will and (when all else has failed) by a just cause, conducted according to the principles of justice with a right intention, and solving, among others, the age-old problem of what to do about the myriad atrocities in bronze and marble which clutter up our streets.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I just want to learn to wrestle with myself"

Rondo: by Mary Dunn

I WANTED a few nice-looking statistics for an article I was writing on A.R.P. The public loves statistics. So on the advice of the local A.R.P. centre I rang up the Home Office for information.

In no time a voice said "Home Office," which made my bosom heave with pride at the accessibility of the Government to the Man-in-the-Street. I had expected a long wait, and then a suspicious voice asking who I was. But no; I got the Home Office as easily as I might have rung my Uncle Charles. Furthermore, they were very courteous and helpful, and told me that the information I required would be given by the head A.R.P. Office in Westminster. They even knew the telephone number, which I thought terrific of them. It seemed doubly sad, therefore, that when I rang up the head office of A.R.P., I was told that they hadn't that kind of information at all, and they advised me to try Women's Voluntary Services, who supplied most of the personnel for A.R.P.

W.V.S. were very efficient and sprightly. They produced, after a little internal consultation, the interesting theory that the Ministry of Labour would have everything I wanted about workers, and that the Office of Works would tell me about deep shelters and all that in them is.

Full of hope, I rang off and dialled DIR to get the number of the Ministry of Labour, which proved to be Whitehall Something, and two minutes later my heart leapt with joy when a voice told me that I had struck lucky and all I needed now was to ring off again and dial their statistics department at Whitehall Something-Else, and ask for Extension 605. But here a disappointment awaited me. A very sympathetic girl answered—she really couldn't have been nicer about the whole thing—but she said that they had statistics about everything except A.R.P., which didn't come under their department. Pressed as to what department it did come under, she said she had no idea at all. We parted friends and I rang off.

I never thought much of the idea of the Office of Works. It always sounded a bit phoney to me as a theory, despite the simple dignity of its name. And my first encounter confirmed my suspicions.

VOICE: "Office of Works."

MYSELF: "Er—I am advised to apply to you for statistics about A.R.P. Can you help me?"

VOICE: "A. R. P.? But this is the Office of Works."

MYSELF: "Yes, I know. But I'm told you have details about air raid shelters and their personnel, and that kind of thing."

VOICE: "*The Office of Works?*"

MYSELF (*nervously*): "Yes. That's what they said."

VOICE: "Who said?"

MYSELF: "The Ministry of Labour."

VOICE (*with rising anger*): "The Ministry of Labour told you to apply to the Office of Works?"

MYSELF (*defiantly*): "Yes, they did."

VOICE: "They had no business to do that. It's nothing to do with the Office of Works."

MYSELF: "Oh, I'm so sorry. Can you advise me where to apply?"

VOICE: "That comes under the Lord Privy Seal's Office, I should say—anyway, it's not the Office of Works."

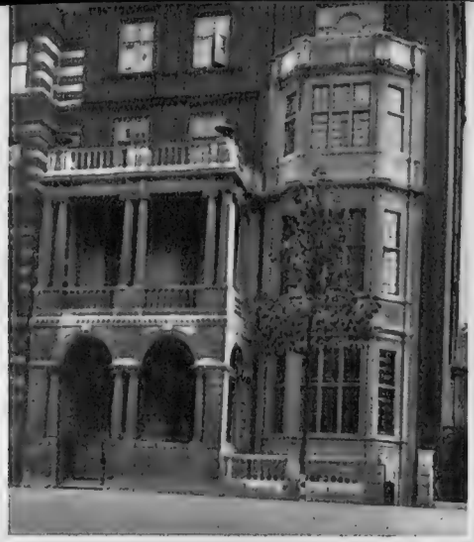
MYSELF: "Thank you *so* much. I suppose you don't happen to know their telephone number?"

VOICE: "No, I don't. We're not Directory Enquiries."

MYSELF (*pertly*): "No, I know. You're the Office of Works."

So there it was. I went to the window and took a deep breath of air, and then came back and DIR-ed again for the Lord Privy Seal's number. But by now my spirit was broken, and it was a pale reflection of my former buoyant self that enquired about statistics of A.R.P. Nor was I in the least surprised to hear them say that they had no figures of that description to hand. But at the same time they were hopeful; they said that the Ministry of Information knew a good bit more than they ever let out, which didn't surprise me at all, and that it was extremely likely that if I rang them up and asked for Room 10 and mentioned that I wished to speak to Mr. White, I should get all the information I wanted. I felt distinctly heartened by this. It was the nearest I had got to an actual living person with a name, and I knew that Personal Contact is the Thing.

So it was with a lighter heart that I DIR-ed for what proved to be the last time. For the Ministry of Information, I am glad to say, lived up to its name. Without a moment's hesitation, without a vestige of doubt, they informed me that statistics of that kind could be obtained instantly by application to the Home Office.



The Estonian Legation,
167, Queen's Gate, S.W.7

The "Bystander" visits

The Estonian Minister

From 167, Queen's Gate, M. Schmidt watches the big Powers manœuvre round his small north-eastern republic

As the bear's paw reaches out westwards after twenty years' quiescence, Estonia and her two more south-easterly neighbours, Latvia and Lithuania, find themselves in the uneasy international spotlight. Estonia has been the Belgium of north-eastern Europe for seven centuries. Commanding the entrances to the gulfs of Finland and Riga, her territory and its pocket of Magyar (Finno-Ugric) people have been fought for, treated for, even bought, by Germans from the south-west, Scandinavians from the north and west, Slavs from the south and east. Right up to the treaty of Brest-Litovsk Estonia was bartered about without reference to itself. But the defeat of Germany in 1918 and the upheaval within Russia gave this submerged but never subjugated race their chance. After two years of an amazing patchwork of history, which included action off Tallinn by a British squadron, and throughout which Estonia took the lead among the Balts, her independence was recognised by the treaty of Tartu, February 2, 1920—Soviet Russia's first treaty with a neighbour. Now Estonia sees Armageddon surge again round her newly-won independence, some of which may have to be sacrificed for the whole. Russia's pact with her of September 29, followed by Soviet pacts with Latvia and Lithuania, were part of what Mr. Churchill called the warning-off to Hitler

M. August Schmidt, *Estonian Minister at the Court of St. James's, stands here in his legation beneath a portrait of his country's first prime minister and first president, Konstantin Pāts. M. Schmidt was formerly vice-Foreign Minister, Minister in Rome, and Estonia's delegate to the League*

This map *of Estonia, with scenic border, is a Legation decoration*

The drawing-room, *pleasantly light, faces on to Queen's Gate*

"Nurse Edith Cavell": Twenty-four years after, a war-world is stirred again by her story

Anna Neagle *graduates from the film part of Queen Victoria to the portrayal of a modest subject born under that Queen in 1865. Edith Louisa Cavell, a Norfolk girl, chose her destiny with her career—nursing. She trained at the London Hospital, became first matron of the Berckendael Hospital in Brussels in 1907. Seven years later Armageddon broke upon Europe and Germany broke into Belgium. To tell Nurse Cavell's heroic part in the maelstrom that followed, R.K.O. Radio engaged Herbert Wilcox as producer and director. The story starts twenty-five years ago in Brussels, when Edith Cavell was drawn by common humanity into the business of shipping derelict Allied soldiers into Holland. Above, she and a boulangère, Mme. Rappard (May Robson), are at work*

Zasu Pitts *is among the cast of some of Hollywood's fruitiest character players who were engaged to produce the right Belgian atmosphere in this first talking film of Nurse Cavell's story (a silent film has already treated of it): May Robson, Edna May Oliver, George Sanders, H. B. Warner. Zasu Pitts' part is of a link in the chain that aids derelict soldiers to escape the German occupation; she plays Mme. Moulin, wife of a barge owner (Bert Roach), with obvious opportunities for aiding her compatriots and allies. Germans, harassed by underground Belgian activity, question her often, but cannot trip her. The tile-topped table, bottle of Pernod, and wood-walled cabin are examples of a high standard of setting detail*

The Germans, *however, by a simple device of a decoy prisoner, find the chain of escape and its links. At the court-martial, Nurse Cavell openly and even proudly avows she has helped over two hundred escapes, and the military authorities, in the person of Captain Heinrichs, chief of counter-espionage (George Sanders), demand and obtain the death penalty*

Despite protests *by the American Minister (Gilbert Emery) and even by Governor von Bissing, the prosecution insists on the ultimate penalty. Edith Cavell faces five days between judgment and execution with a courage that moves the world. At last, on an October morning, Captain Heinrichs, the chaplain and the firing squad call (the chaplain was British in fact). Four others had been sentenced with her, three were reprieved*

At last, as October 12th, 1915, dawns, the Norfolk girl firmly faces six Mausers in Brussels. To the British chaplain she had said, in declining the need for comfort, "I have no fear and no shrinking. I have seen death so often that it is not strange or fearful to me. . . . But this I will say, standing as I do before God and eternity—I realise patriotism is not enough: I must have no hatred or bitterness against anyone." That was twenty-four years ago last Thursday. Her body was brought home in 1919 and buried in Norwich Cathedral, after a memorial service in Westminster Abbey. A statue of her stands opposite the National Portrait Gallery. And a stone's throw away, at the Odeon, "Nurse Edith Cavell," a sincere and often moving attempt to translate her story to the screen, is showing to a war audience

"*The Playboy*": *Stephen Murray*

Ashley Dukes, director of the Mercury Theatre, stands in the bar of his little theatre at 2, Ladbroke Road, Notting Hill Gate. The unique collection of ballet prints, some of which are seen here, is supposed to be the biggest known, occupies the bar and foyer

The Mercury programme for the first winter of the war can be seen on the bill on the right, also the proclamation of an air raid shelter for the audience. The Ballet Rambert, a regular feature at the Mercury, is directed by Ashley Dukes' wife, Mme. Marie Rambert. Notice Mercury on the chimney

The Mercury Reopens

"The Playboy of the Western World" Starts an Outer Circle Winter Season

IT'S an ill wind . . . and the early closure of the West End theatres has brought a golden harvest to the box-offices of outer circle playhouses, the opulent Golders Green Hippodrome and Streatham Theatre, the intelligent Westminster and "Q" and Mercury. This last, under the direction of Ashley Dukes, opened its winter war season this month with John Millington Synge's Irish comedy, *The Playboy of the Western World*, which was given at the Mercury some months back. An excellent cast is headed by a new name in John Chandos (who directed), by that legendary improvisator, Brefni O'Rorke (the O'Rorke of Brefni), by Moya Devlin, of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, and by Elspeth March. Ashley Dukes now runs the Mercury as a commonwealth on the following basis: first £20 of weekly receipts to advertising; above this, 60 per cent. to artists (including author), 10 per cent. to booking staff, 30 per cent. to management

Photographs by Anthony

Keogh, Moya Devlin as Pegeen Mike

John Chandos, *who directed the production, as Christy Mahon, the Playboy*

Elspeth March *as Widow Quin*

Brefni O'Rorke *as Old Mahon*

Blankets *for the depot are carried by Mrs. Kenneth Savory, H. A. Terry, and Mrs. D. G. Scott through the mews familiar in peace days to socialites and Mayfair sales' girls who had lunch, cocktail or supper dates at either of its clubs*

Knitting *is the unfailing standby at every ambulance first-aid and fire post, where shift succeeds shift, prepared but idle. In the sock-and-pullover party at Berkeley Square House were Mrs. H. Warwick, Mrs. Kenneth Savory, Mrs. W. E. Behrens, Mrs. R. Chitty, Miss A. Booth, Miss B. Marriott, Miss Georgette Davidson, Miss Audrey Whittaker. Besides knitting, volunteers at this post attend lectures, go out on practise-rescue runs, take physical training classes*

Women in Uniform

The Auxiliary Ambulance and Red Cross Depot at Berkeley Square House

Ambulance-starting *practice set the circulation of Miss Diana Corry and Mrs. Hugh Gough racing. The former is Lady Corry's daughter, the latter has only been married a month, was Betty Maudslay*

Station officer *is Mrs. N. Seabrooke. Below she is discussing a shift's programme with its leader, Mrs. R. Gee. Shifts for both men and women are eight-hour ones*

Stretcher-drill *is part of each shift's duty. Mrs. W. E. Behrens and Mrs. R. Chitty were going through theirs in non-air-raid uniform of tin hat, armlet, gas-mask in its container. Gum-boots and gasproof suits are their active service dress*

Street maps *have to be carefully studied and memories frequently refreshed. Here Miss Hilda Graham, a shift-leader, expounds a point of geography to her group—Miss Gladys Hutton Harrop, Miss Helen Hilton-Simpson, equipment officer, Miss Ann Harris and Miss Margaret Gordon. The Berkeley Square House station is one of the biggest A.R.P. bases in London, complete with demolition squads, rescue, stretcher, Red Cross and ambulance parties. Only the Auxiliary Fire Service is missing, as there is a fire-station quite near*

The Red Cross *department, like the rest of the station, is in a huge underground garage. Rolling the bandage here are Mrs. Hugh Parker and Mrs. Alec Coppel*

"Casualties" *are coaxed or commandeered to submit to being bandaged during first-aid practices. On the left, Mrs. L. Walters holds the patient's arm, Miss M. E. Catt, officer in charge of shift, puts on the bandage*

Stores *are checked (right) by Miss Helen Hilton-Simpson. Slings and bandages are apt to disappear after practices unless the equipment officer takes a strong line about untidiness*

First-aid *equipment is arranged and re-arranged, since familiarity with scissors, swabs, antiseptics, dishes, forceps gradually gives just-trained volunteers some of the confidence, skill and speed necessary when there is serious work to do. On the left are Mrs. Lyon Barraud, Mrs. Maxwell Chance, and Miss Rina Francioni*

Tin hats *hang in rows above the chairs where volunteers like Miss Alison Grant sit and knit. Most of the members of the Berkeley House station give their services voluntarily*

Six Engagements

Lenare

Miss Helena Norah Saunderson

Helena Saunderson announced her engagement in July, and that she would be married in India in November, to Brigadier John F. H. Nugent. She is the elder daughter of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Saunderson, of Honeybottom, Newbury, Berks. Her mother is Lord Dunleath's sister

Pearl Freeman

Miss Rowena Dutton

Doriel Rowena Dutton is engaged to an East Lothian neighbour, Ian Norman Bayles. She is the younger daughter of the late Vice-Admiral the Hon. Arthur Dutton, and the Hon. Mrs. Dutton, of Red Roses, North Berwick, and niece of Lord Sherborne. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bayles, of Dromore, Gullane, E. Lothian, and Toorak, Melbourne, Australia

Lenare

The Hon. Gladys Catto

Gladys Gordon Catto is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Catto, of Holmdale, Holmbury St. Mary, Surrey. She is engaged to Euan Watson, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Richmond Watson, of Chalfont Grove, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks. Her father was made a baron in 1936, is a well-known banker and India merchant

The Hon. William Buchan and Miss Nesta Crozier

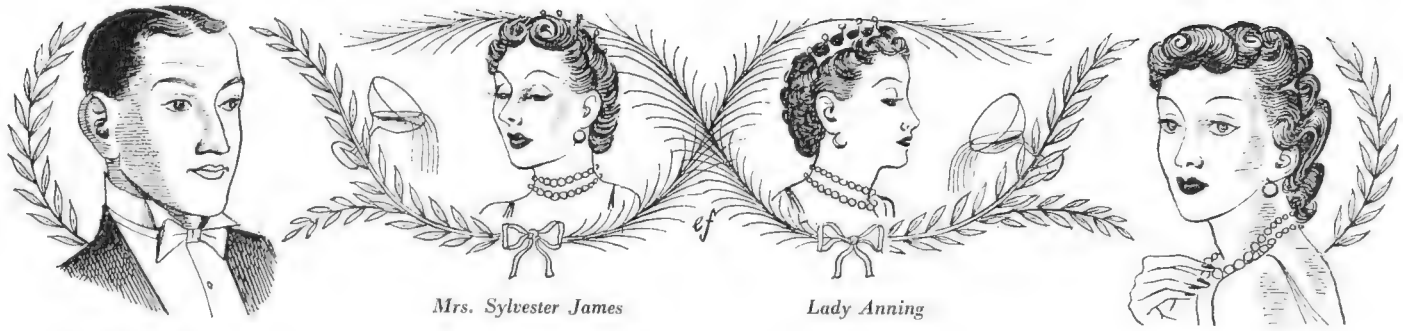
After a month's public engagement, William de l'Aigle Buchan and Nesta Irene Crozier are being married next Wednesday at Elsfield, Oxon. He is the second son of Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, and Lady Tweedsmuir, of Government House, Ottawa, and Elsfield Manor, Oxon. She is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. D. Crozier, of Culham Home Farm, Abingdon, Berks.

Monica Katharine Drummond is the younger daughter of Colonel the Hon. Sir Maurice and Lady Drummond, of Hill Place, Farnham Common, Bucks., and niece of the Earl of Perth. She announced her engagement a fortnight ago to Francis Brian Grimston, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Grimston, of Greycoats, Haslemere, Surrey

Miss Monica Drummond

Barbara Rochford, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Rochford, of Rosemount, Sunningdale, Berks., is engaged to John Addington, eldest son of Major the Hon. Raymond and Mrs. Addington, of Highway Manor, Calne, Wilts. Her fiancé's father is brother and heir-presumptive of Viscount Sidmouth, and not, as we stated in our issue of October 4th, of Lord Addington

Miss Barbara Rochford



Mr. Cribbage *Mrs. Sylvester James* *Lady Anning* *Mrs. Jack Chrichton*

The Wedding of the Jackal

"When the rain falls and the sun shines at the same time, that is called the Wedding of the Jackal."

A Series by Peter Traill

No. 7. "Decree Absolute"

"THERE 's something about to-day that reminds me of spring," said Mr. Cribbage. "It can't be the weather, because it 's fine; and it can't be my health, because I feel depressed."

"It must be a fortunate anniversary," Mrs. Chrichton answered. "Your mother died, or your father gave up trying to make something of you." She was entering a dress shop when she ran into Mr. Cribbage, but the latter did not let that deter him. He went in with her.

"Neither," he said. "But I know the day is important, because my man has put an asterisk against it. When he does that, it means that something really must be done. I meant to ask him before I came out, and I forgot to do so."

Mrs. Chrichton shrugged her shoulders. "It 's no use asking me what it is," she answered, "but while you try and remember what you ought to be doing, you can help me choose a dress."

Mr. Cribbage looked mournful. "I helped Lady Anning choose one a fortnight ago," he said.

Mrs. Chrichton became very interested in watching a mannequin who was parading for someone else.

"What did she get?" she asked, after a moment or two.

"Black. She had an idea that I was about to die, and she hates being rushed into mourning."

Mrs. Chrichton fingered some material which was lying on the arm of the settee where they were sitting. "Had she any idea when you were taking your leap into the dark?"

Mr. Cribbage stared hard at the mannequin, who gazed with the same bleakness at him.

"Let me think," he said. "Why, yes, of course; that 's why my man has marked my calendar. It 's to-day I am to die."

"Any particular hour?"

"Well, Mrs. Sylvester James——"

"Oh, she knows of your coming decease, too?"

"She referred to it yesterday, when she called to say good-bye—or, rather, farewell—to me. She was rather tearful, and explained to me that, while she always enjoyed seeing people tortured, actual death had no attractions for her. She thought my last agony would begin about half-past eleven this morning, and it would be all over in thirty seconds."

"A very quick despatch," Mrs. Chrichton commented, as she looked at her watch. "I suppose you know you 've been dead about an hour now?"

Mr. Cribbage nodded sadly and then became a little brighter.

"You 'll be glad to hear that I died as an officer and a gentleman," he said. "I went to the Law Courts and heard your divorce made absolute. Your husband was there as well."

"What had Jack got to say for himself?"

"Not a great deal; he said he hadn't prayed for years, but the sight of me moved him so much that he hadn't been able to resist the impulse. He then looked at the President, who was immersed in an Admiralty case, and said:

"'I saw the solitary ringdove there, and Coo, coo, coo, she said; and Coo, coo, coo.'"

Mrs. Chrichton threw the material away with a gesture of impatience.

"The barristers and a few of the general public were a little startled at the interruption," Mr. Cribbage continued, "and in order to allay any suspicions that your late husband was mistaking the President for a wood-pigeon, I took Jack firmly by the arm and led him into the airy corridor."

"And then?"

"I had to quote him something in return." Mr. Cribbage picked up the material that Mrs. Chrichton had carelessly flung away. "I 'm afraid I tampered with the original somewhat,

(Concluded on page 96)

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

In the Steps of the Master

By V. S. Pritchett

Looking at literary futures, I should say there is going to be a boom in volumes of short stories. They will suit the nervy who find it difficult to settle down to any novel for long; they provide an ideal series of ear-stops to the night-long murmuring of innumerable wardens on their immemorial yarns. But the reason that clinches my certainty of the coming boom is that Mr. Noel Coward has taken up the art, and not with the enthusiastic amateurishness with which so many stage people turn to fiction; but with that terrific efficiency, versatility, and success instinct which characterise everything he does. In *To Step Aside* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*) he is no learner; nor, like so many of the famous, is he just yawning out left-overs for the magazines. He seems to me the best writer of Somerset Maugham stories since Somerset Maugham. They might have been suckled in the same cocktail-bar.

The places where the rich drink, take the sun and, loosening-up, reveal an inner preoccupation with the times when white men were not so white, are, of course, so thick with the steps of the master that a young playwright like Aubrey Dakers ("a second Noel Coward") could hardly avoid treading in them. Nature is always imitating art. Aubrey, a refugee from that disillusioning affair with Maurice at the Ebury Street antique shop, saw his hotel full of the more distinguished scandals of the Maugham country. At any moment one of them would come across, he thought, and say "Perhaps you would do me the honour of taking a glass of brandy with me?" and ask whether he realised what passions lay dormant in the minds of upright men. And Aubrey, hearing the story of the Baroness Fugler's brother, his ruined career and his half-caste wife, saw himself rising hypnotised after the story and putting the inevitable sting in its tail: "The woman, my friend," Aubrey could hear himself saying with a bitter chuckle. "The woman—happens to be my wife."

Of course, you wouldn't get that dash before "happens" in the best Maugham; but then, you wouldn't, Aubrey discovered to his disappointment, get the best Maugham in life. Instead, you got a man like Mr. Edmondson who was very worried about a stone in his bladder; or perhaps it wasn't a stone, perhaps it was his teeth; or it might just have been the worry of the silk business, or the worry about doing the right thing by Blanche's voice or Sylvia's young man in the Air Force, or the problem of deciding whether that striking moment when Leonard took his new motor-bicycle to pieces on the lawn indicated he was a born engineer or merely that he ought to go into the silk business like his father. No, you bait your line but you are likelier to hook a bore than a passion lying dormant in the minds of upright men.

Still, Mr. Coward hooked a real Maugham, sting and all, in Major Cartwright. Major Cartwright had seen life. He knew, for example, a man who married a girl who had run off with "the chap's own chauffeur." Bores are the born heroes and subject-matter of fiction:

> The heartiness of Major Cartwright had grown beyond being an acquired attribute of mind and become organic. He exuded it chemically as a horse exudes horsiness; as a matter of fact, he exuded a certain amount of horsiness as well.

Aunt Tittie is my favourite story of the six in this collection, and it is not written in the steps of the master. It is the unaided work of Mr. Noel Coward and in his best subject—the low life of the stage. Aunt Tittie lived her own life and it was mainly in the lowest Continental cabarets. She was always meeting old friends. In fact, that was her career. Aunt Tittie is a dream.

Kenneth Layton-Bennett

This is a recent picture of the senior partner in Layton-Bennett and Co., who is also chairman of Grosvenor House (Park Lane), Ltd., a director of the Eagle Star Insurance Co., a member of the Council of the Institute of Chartered Accountants. His spare-time interest is education—he is a governor of Canford School and Lowther College, and a member of the Central Committee of Allied Schools, which includes Stowe

"I Haven't Unpacked," by William Holt (Harrap; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is one of those autobiographies which have the general run of fiction beaten, not merely because of the rough and tumble of extraordinary episodes—there has been enough of that kind of autobiography—but because of the writer's capacity to reflect interestingly and with philosophical moderation on his experience. A half-timer at the Yorkshire looms, Mr. Holt grew up self-educated, the war gave him the chance of a lifetime to get out—the last war was a revolution, just as this one is going to be—he fought in France, seems to have enjoyed it, and come out with a commission. He was "wounded" on Armistice Day—by falling out of the fourth-floor window during celebrations—and when he recovered, post-war restlessness got him. He chanced his luck, tutoring in Spain, sailing before the mast, painted, tried Canada, fought in Japanese riots, jumped off railway viaducts into a river for the German films. Back in Yorkshire, he got into politics and did a nine-months' stretch for leading a mass march of the unemployed on Leeds Town Hall, but he was too much of an individualist for the comrades. A natural gambler, never too proud to return to his loom, he could swing from the respectability of company directorship—he invented the Book on Wheels—to running the Franco blockade. He is not, however, mere adventurer. He is—which is a change—without the grinning Yorkshire egotism and its angry self-pity. He is honest without being boring about his love-affairs, and there is throughout a most attractive decency, balance and sanity in his turbulent character. The early chapters describing life in the weaving sheds are excellent, economical narrative.

After this, Mr. A. A. Milne's autobiography, *It's Too Late Now* (Methuen; 12*s.* 6*d.*), is mild stuff. A London childhood, kind parents, Westminster, Cambridge, editing *The Granta*, and those efforts to get into Fleet Street, which look rather faded now. E. V. Lucas and Barrie cornered that particular market. He is interesting about the origins of his plays and testy about Christopher Robin.

"Beachcomber's" annual, *A Bonfire of Weeds* (Cape; 5*s.*), is a sound rubbish-heap. It rots away very savourously:

> It will be found that a woman who is envious and down at the mouth generally has a bunion. (*Morning paper.*)
>
> Hence the slowness of the pilgrim's progress.

This is another book for the dug-out, the black-out, the get-out and stay-out, which this war seems to be. I would recommend listeners to try reading back Captain Foulenough's Tiddlehampton election speeches to some of To-night's Talks. I wish the *Express* would lend Mr. Morton to the Ministry of Information, but:

> "If this is democracy," said a prominent Councillor, "then I'm the Queen of Iceland."
>
> It is democracy, but he is not the Queen of Iceland.

The following novels are recommended: *Gentleman of Stratford.* By John Brophy (Collins; 8*s.* 6*d.*). *A Democrat Dies.* By Pamela Frankau (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*). *The Two Wives.* By Frank Swinnerton (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*). *To See Ourselves.* by Rachel Field (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

"Old Bill" on the Home Front: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

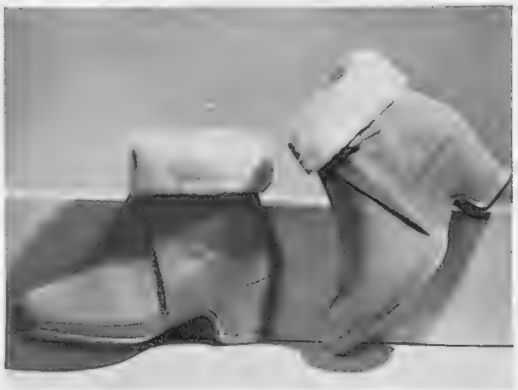
"In this letter from our Young Bill in France, it sez at the end 'Tell Dad I'm billeted at the house of a woman who says she knew him very well indeed during the last war, and there's a photo of them together on the mantelpiece'"

Home Policy

The first line of defence in any winter clothes campaign should be a jersey suit, grand by itself in the autumn sunshine and beautifully warm under a fur coat. The Braemar model on the right, tailored as trimly as a suiting, is knitted to look like a diced tweed. There are various colourings, but try peat-brown and lichen-green for a really country atmosphere. If your usual shop does not have it, write to Innes, Henderson, of Hawick

Classical in every sense is the frock below, in spite of its heavily Gothic background. Simple, straightforward, all emphasis on line, it still achieves complete individuality. Notice the broad shoulder-line, the fullness from the yoke and the perfectly tailored skirt. The Jersey Shop at Harrods, Knightsbridge, have this outfit for eleven guineas in a soft raisin brown, its little coat lined in an unobtrusive tartan to match the belt

—and Marching Orders



"Boots, boots, boots"—marching over England this time, through country lanes and even town streets this winter. Lillywhites, of Piccadilly Circus and Brompton Road, suggest the attractive sealskin ankle-boots above, with a crêpe-rubber sole and heel to give that walking-on-air feeling. If you want an overshoe to slip on quickly for a short walk, they have the proofed gabardine pair in the second picture, lined and turned over with fluffy lambs' wool

The Theatre : By Herbert Farjeon

Cold courtesan and maudlin lover: Lydia Sherwood and Robert Harris

"Music at Night" (Westminster)

THIS, so far as the regular London theatres are concerned, was the first first-night of the New War. And since the spirit of the current conflict is far less gay and far more grim than that of the War to End War, when West End plays at once became almost uniformly jolly and jolly bad, it may be hoped that *Music at Night* foreshadows, in the theatre at all events, something better than last time. The Westminster was fuller than I remember to have seen it before. This in spite of, or perhaps thanks to, the black-out. Is it not true that the gloomier the lives we are required to live, the more desperately we stand in need of imaginative recreation? Audiences in wartime are so hungry that they will eat anything. That is why they are usually fed with trash. And that, incidentally, is why the classics never stood a better chance than now.

MR. PRIESTLEY'S new play, first produced at Malvern, may not be a classic. In fact, it isn't. But it is a sincere, sensitive, earnest and human piece of work. Eight people sit in a room listening to the first performance of a new violin concerto, of which each act represents one movement. As the music fades, the listeners are spotted in turn and utter the thoughts flowing through their minds. There is the hostess, who likes to pose as a patroness of the arts. There is the wife of the composer, on tenterhooks for his success. There are a grand' cocotte, a romantic young lady, a modern "people's poet" babbling of pylons, a big business man who made good by ratting on his pals; a Cabinet Minister confessing his ignorance of the meaning of anything; and a newspaper gossip king who stole his mother's money to get a start and now prides himself on possessing six dressing-gowns.

IN the first act they are self-explanatory. In the second they are sad and nostalgic. In the third they are, by turns, happy, fearful, grandiose, as the mood of the movement changes. Until the last few moments, when the music does seem to capture them, their minds wander to such an extent that one feels either the music cannot be very arresting or the listeners cannot be very musical. When my own mind wanders in similar circumstances, it is usually to remember that I forgot to post a letter or to hope that the gentleman next to me will stop wagging his foot. Mr. Priestley's characters are, fortunately, more interesting, however suspect their psychological bona fides.

ALTHOUGH we hear little of the music, Mr. Priestley may be said to have attempted to achieve in dialogue what choreographers like Massine have lately been attempting to achieve for symphonies in movement. The experiment is interesting and difficult. About halfway through we feel the author driven back on his wits to keep things going. But we are often moved, and always in the presence of a live pen. And of a live company, too. Particularly good are Catherine Lacey (whom watch), Mark Dignam (now, surely, our senile lead), Milton Rosmer, and Richard Littledale. Good luck to them all. May the moon shine bright.

Appreciative audience and after-dinner speaker: Jean Cadell and Mark Dignam

Millionaire's childhood dream: Milton Rosmer

Composer's wife and cynical violinist: Catherine Lacey and Stephen Murray

Sketches by Rouson

Lathbury — Dudgeon

Capt. J. F. F. Lathbury, R.E., son of Colonel and Mrs. E. B. Lathbury, of 19, Elgin Court, W.9, and Hilda Betty Dudgeon, of Rock Lodge, Carrigrohane, Co. Cork, daughter of the late Arthur Dudgeon and Mrs. Charles Lane, were married at St. Finnbarr's Cathedral, Cork

Kennard — Risk

Capt. W. Kennard, son of Capt. H. J. Kennard, R.N. (ret.), and Mrs. Kennard, of the Haining, Polmont, married Hester Knox Risk, at Holy Trinity, Stirling. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Risk, of Gartur, Cambusbarron, Stirling

Gibb — Cooper

Paul Anthony Gibb, the Yorkshire and England cricketer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gibb, of Brandsby, married Joyce Cooper, daughter of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of York, at St. Martin's Church, York

Hoare — McCall

Robert Hoare and Betty McCall were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hoare, of Little Dunham Lodge, King's Lynn, Norfolk; she is the daughter of Mrs. McCall, of Ennet Lodge, Mullingar, Ireland

Hooper — Strawson

Nevill Emlyn Hooper and Frances Jean Strawson were married at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ridley Hooper, of Wilbury Grange, Hove; she is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Strawson, of 48, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.10

Keenlyside — Rubie

Christopher Keenlyside, Royal West Kents, younger son of the late Capt. G. H. F. K. Keenlyside and Mrs. Keenlyside, of Beaminster, Dorset, and Jean Rubie, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. B. Rubie, of St. Michael's Lodge, Partridge Green, Sussex, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Campbell — Craven-Ellis

Colin Bruce Campbell, R.A.F., only son of Lieut.-Comdr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell, of 88, Portland Place, W.1, married Doris Craven-Ellis, at All Souls', Langham Place. She is the daughter of W. Craven-Ellis, M.P. for Southampton, and Mrs. Craven-Ellis, of 21, Portland Place

Sub-Lieut. Ronald H. D. Orr, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis P. Orr, of 3, Belgrave Place, Edinburgh, and Elizabeth Yorke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Yorke, of Green Craig, Aberlady, East Lothian, were married at Plymouth. The bride is the niece of the Earl of Crawford, granddaughter of the late Earl of Wemyss

Orr — Yorke

Lenare

Margaret Nancy Watson

Is engaged to Joseph Thomasin Foster, elder son of the late J. P. T. Foster, and Mrs. Thomasin Foster, of Pontlands, Great Baddow, Essex. She is the daughter of the late Major W. E. Watson, and Mrs. Watson, of Gingjoys, Stock, Essex

Catherine Bell

Barbara Stern

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Stern, of 2, Park Street, W.1. She is engaged to Michael Victor Dudley, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Dudley, of Linkenholt Manor, Andover, Hants.

Pearl Freeman

Mrs. J. A. D. Nimmo

Jean Hogg, only daughter of Sir Gilbert Hogg, K.C.I.E., former Governor of Assam, and Lady Hogg, of the Elms Hotel, Castlebar Hill, W.5, was married to John Atholl Duncan Nimmo, son of the late J. D. Nimmo and Mrs. Nimmo, of Sparrows, Bushey Heath, Herts., at St. Colomba's, Pont Street

Bassano

Diana Newman

Is engaged to Lieut. Henry Stephen Nicholas Rathbone, son of Major William Rathbone and Mrs. Rathbone, of 2, Lord North Street, S.W.1. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Newman, of Pond Farm, Weston Turville, Aylesbury, Bucks.

Catherine Bell

Hilda May Kirkpatrick

Is the only daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. C. Kirkpatrick, of 2, the Avenue, Colchester. She announced her engagement on September 12th to James Michael Jourdier, younger son of Colonel and Mrs. M. J. A. Jourdier, of Mettingham Pines, Bungay, Suffolk

Haliday

Mrs. H. D. S. Bingham

Mrs. Bingham was Margaret Douglas Stevenson before her marriage to Hugh Denis Sinclair Bingham, son of the Hon. H. T. de B. and Mrs. Bingham, of Bangor Castle, Co. Down. She is the daughter of Major Robert Stevenson, D.L., and Mrs. Stevenson, of Aloha, Dungannon, Co. Tyrone

Miss Joan Ackerley and Mr. Aske

A late-August engagement was that of Robert Edward Aske, younger son of Sir Robert Aske, Bt., of Clevehurst, Weybridge, Surrey, and Joan Bingham Ackerley, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. E. Bingham Ackerley, of White Lodge, Cobham, Surrey. Sir Robert Aske is M.P. for Newcastle East

Miss Eileen Galloway, Flying Officer Gillies

Flying Officer Gillies is the elder son of Sir Harold Gillies, the famous plastic surgeon, and Lady Gillies, of 59, Frognal, N.W.3. He is engaged to Eileen Galloway, daughter of the late George M. Galloway, and Mrs. Galloway, of 17, Grove Park, Liverpool

Miss Maclagan and Mr. Potter

Cecil Formby Potter is the only son of Brig.-Gen. H. C. Potter, of Exning Lawn, Cheltenham, and the late Mrs. Potter. He is engaged to Rosemary Maclagan, younger daughter of the late Col. R. S. Maclagan, and Mrs. Maclagan, of Woodside, Waverley Drive, Camberley

An Empire in the Air

By Charles Ward

Pilots and 'Planes

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD'S survey of the first month of the war in the air was notable for a postscript that dealt with the future, and in particular with the part to be played by Canada in the training of pilots and the manufacture of aircraft for the defence of the Empire as a whole. Canada is in a better position geographically to escape direct attack than any other of the Dominions, and, further, an aggressor must know that an assault on Canada from the air or the sea would bring the United States into line on her side. Optimists who believe that we shall have defeated the Nazis by Christmas and pessimists who suggest that the seat of British government should be moved to Canada before it is too late, are agreed that the Dominion can provide all that we need in the way of personnel and material for flying. If it 's a short war, Canada will forge ahead of us in civil aircraft operation, and should three years be a fair estimate of the " duration," then her immense resources for construction and for teaching men to fly under all conditions of weather, but removed from the interruptions of actual warfare, may well prove a decisive factor. The scheme sketched in outline by the Secretary of State revealed the plan to train pilots from other countries as well as those from England. This, coupled with the possibility, if not the probability, that aircraft built in Canada will be flown across the Atlantic to take their places in the line, makes it clear that we have an immense reserve from which to draw if hostilities should be prolonged. The freedom of the seas is just as essential as superiority in the air. Sir Kingsley Wood gave a striking illustration of the work of the R.A.F. during the first four weeks of war. Aircraft of the Coastal Command flew 1,000,000 miles and escorted more than 100 convoys of ships during this period. The presence of aircraft was sufficient to cause enemy submarines to submerge and therefore to lose contact with the vessels that were marked down for attack.

One of Critchley's Instructors

Air Commodore A. C. Critchley has gathered from among his friends and acquaintances a good number of golfers, footballers and boxers into his ground-training scheme for future officers of the R.A.F. One of them is J. S. F. Morrison, well-known golfer and " Bystander " correspondent on the game

Flying by Itself

CIVIL aviation is getting a relatively poor deal out of the present emergency. Before hostilities commenced many people had the idea that every private, club, and commercial 'plane would be utilised for some form of national service. The fact is that every aircraft which is of value is being used and there is a large reserve on which to call when the need arises. But unrestricted civil aviation in a small country such as Great Britain is impossible, and

(Concluded on page 96)

Wartime Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

SURELY nothing which has happened to motoring in recent years—and Heaven knows *enough* has happened to it from time to time !—has so profoundly thrown it out of gear as has the rationing of petrol. At the time of the Budget before last, the increase in the rate of taxation was regarded as a major disaster. Then came another shattering blow in the form of lighting restrictions ; but the rationing of petrol has really put the lid on it.

It is a pity that the inevitable, tremendous loss of revenue from motoring which the Exchequer will sustain will be blamed on to petrol rationing, for it is my belief that a great proportion of it will be directly resultant from that extra 10s. per horse-power—either that alone, or that plus petrol rationing.

Nevertheless, many motorists are determined to carry on. Here their stolid resignation to being messed about is standing them in good stead. So accustomed are they, after years of official interference, oppression, repression and inhibition, to pursuing their ways under crushing difficulties, that they alone among the peoples of this happy land are able to cope with conditions such as those now besetting them with a philosophic shrug ! Already one sees a number of private cars with blimp-like gas-bags, and I anticipate that such containers may shortly be difficult to get, as the demand for fabric for barrage balloons increases.

AS from the end of the year, I fear that purely private motoring may become but a memory of happier times. Already the anxiety of running out of petrol before the end of one's journey is acute. In this respect, the R.A.C. are doing much to help by extending their " Get-You-Home " service to cover such cases. Should an R.A.C. member run short of petrol and still have current coupons in his possession, the Club will pay for the cost of conveying petrol to him from the nearest garage, but not, of course, for the petrol itself ! In cases where a member runs out of petrol and has no coupons left, the Club will pay the cost of towing the car home or to a garage. Where it is not necessary to tow the car, then they will pay for a conveyance to the nearest station or the member's home.

Now this is really practical sympathy. In the past I have sometimes felt that the great motoring organisations were chiefly useful to their members when it came to a question of taking a car abroad for a holiday or business tour ; but let me be among the first to give the R.A.C. a big hand for its helpful attitude towards this (ever) present difficulty. It should, of course, be appreciated that if a car owner has used all his current coupons and has run out of petrol, it will not be possible for him to buy even a single gallon to get him home, and he will have to arrange for his vehicle to be towed in and garaged until his next month's allowance of petrol becomes available.

In all cases, the maximum distance either for towing, carriage of petrol, or conveyance, is limited (and reasonably enough, I think) to five miles each way—it being felt that when members are stranded because of shortage of petrol, the stoppage is almost certain to be within a mile or so of the motorist's destination.

Now I am not notably good at guessing, but I am willing to commit myself to the assertion that the present petrol restrictions will be eased in the not-far-distant future. I have already touched on the loss of revenue from motoring which must ensue from a continuance of present conditions. Need I say more ? But I am afraid that by the time this happens it will be too late to avert utter ruin for thousands of hapless filling-station owners. Already one sees wayside petrol-pumps out of action on all sides and small and even quite large stations shut down.

I doubt if any body of traders has been more vitally affected by the war than the proprietors of service stations—unless, indeed, it be travelling showmen. Not only can these showmen no longer travel, but even if they could, their pitches—usually the largest bits of waste land in any towns—have all been carved up into A.R.P. shelters.

SOMETHING like a year ago I wrote of the Bakelite car bodies with which a German car firm was experimenting. Now comes the news that, consequent upon the present difficulty in obtaining adequate supplies of metal for car bodies, a Lancashire firm is developing plastic bodies.

Chemically treated to make it really tough, this new material is said to be able to withstand with sublime indifference minor bumps which would have dented a metal panel. Other advantages claimed for this type of body are extreme lightness, making for petrol economy and engine longevity ; absence of rattles, making for greater physical and mental comfort ; and above all, it is much cheaper than metal-work. The firm which is developing this plastic makes the somewhat electrifying claim that it can also be used for certain engine parts and can even be produced in transparent form for windows and screens.

(Concluded on page 96)

The knowing squirrel points a moral for the motorist. Store up security for yourself, at this season of wet roads and windstrewn leaves, by fitting the safest tyre in all the world.

DUNLOP Fort

WITH TEETH TO BITE THE ROAD

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Then and Now

WHEREVER have we got to in the season? Let's give ourselves a shake and think. Yes; normally Autumn Foursomes would have wound their gigantic way round Roehampton, probably with a new English champion hot-foot from Ganton as the observed of all observers; Worplesdon would have added to the gaiety of nations; the *Star* finals have risen above the horizon. . . . Why go on? It makes the mouth water.

And yet, we have all these pleasant recollections of past autumns, why not make the best of them? There have been heavenly sunny days this month which took you straight back to the English at St. Enodoc, surely one of the most entirely delightful championships that ever happened, with that gorgeous blue sea and big rollers to surf in after the day's golf was done, and the coast to explore on the Sunday, and nobody catty, but everybody enjoying themselves.

Hayling was another good week the year before; Birkdale only less good because of some very unkind tricks played by the weather; never before or since have first-round winners scratched in the middle of the second, regardless of whether they were up or down, from sheer physical misery produced by the elements. Cooden Beach, umpteen years ago, ran it close: it was there that the historic incident occurred of the player in a knitted skirt, which by the eighteenth hole reached to the ground—or, rather, where the ground should have been, but by then was land covered with water. And the match, after the provoking way of matches at such moments, was square. The player, greatly daring, appealed to the L.G.U. to be allowed a minute's grace on the way from the eighteenth green to the nineteenth tee to dash into the clubhouse and change the said impediment for a dry skirt; what is more, the L.G.U. said yes. A very historic event that, sticking in memory when more important details have left it.

I WONDER if we are all better war-women for some of those golfing adventures, which seemed so tremendous at the time, and which did certainly mean a certain amount of hardy sticking it out? The golfers have always been used to going through water; now a goodly number of them seem to be equally ready to go through fire; one feels sure it was not at their instigation that a grand fire-fighting display which was to have taken place the other day was postponed because the weather was so bad.

THE Barnes Auxiliary Fire Station has a real Roehampton atmosphere—or should one say Wimbledon, since Miss Branch is there, so that lawn tennis must not be left out? But get Mrs. S. V. Hicks and Mrs. A. D. Stocks, and the thing seems Roehampton at once. All turned out in two minutes to a mock fire, another turn-out to a real one, driving real beasts of lorries with Beresford-Stork pumps trailing behind, sleeping on a remarkably hard concrete floor until proper quarters were ready—they have taken the rough with the fairway like the good golfers they are. A cheery crowd they were, too, when the canteen was opened, and two stray guests hospitably entertained to tea.

Mrs. Tony Torrance is another A.F.S. Her husband, the ex-Walker Cup captain, had the rather unique experience at the start of the war of spending exactly one half-hour in U.S.A. He had gone out in search of fun, if not of spoils, in the American Championship; heard the war news on the voyage out, and like a good and patriotic citizen, turned round and took the next boat back to home and duty. It happened to sail in thirty minutes. He admits it to have been a proceeding not without interest, but one which he would not care to repeat. Nor would Mrs. Tony yearn to have him on the high seas again under just those unconvoyed conditions.

WE get so used to the safety of our communications that we receive, all in the day's work, cards for BYSTANDER spoons with postmarks from all over the British Empire, and hardly pause to think of the perils they have run—by air mail from Jodhpur, by ordinary mail from Hamilton, New Zealand. At all events, since the rules now allow the acceptance of any card from Overseas for the competition of the month in which they arrive, nothing can make such cards ineligible. A Nazi U-boat may send them to the bottom of the sea, but if they are brought up again, at whatever length of time, there shall be a spoon waiting for them if the score merits it. Such curiosities will arise. I have a letter of the last war that went to Davy Jones's locker and came back again, deliverable if slightly illegible. Not all the U-boats in the German Fleet shall stop a British subject winning her rightful spoon if we can help it—a thought which we trust will duly discourage Hitler!

Ambulance Drivers

Miss Kathleen Garnham and Miss Pam Barton are both members of the L.C.C. Ambulance Service. Pam Barton, who only arrived back from America after war broke out, is still doing her training, which includes first-aid treatment of casualties which she was practising here with Kathleen Garnham as "partner"

Firewomen

Mrs. A. D. Stocks and Mrs. S. V. Hicks wear their gas-proof suits in the Barnes A.F.S. Mrs. Hicks is Surrey's hon. joint secretary, Mrs. Stocks was formerly Peggy McKane, the tennis player; both are Roehampton golfers

Miss Helme's next article will appear in the BYSTANDER *of November 1st.*

September "Bystander" Spoon Results

In accordance with the arrangement announced for the present to award spoons in each division in proportion to the number of cards received, the following spoons have been awarded for September.

Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. L. G. Sewell ..	Sale ..	.. 78	11	67	73	6 below
Mrs. Bottomley ..	Sale ..	.. 86	17	69	73	4 „

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. R. S. Darby ..	Hamilton, N.Z. ..	.. 94	31	63	74	11 below
Mrs. Calvert ..	West Bradford ..	.. 95	32	63	71	8 „

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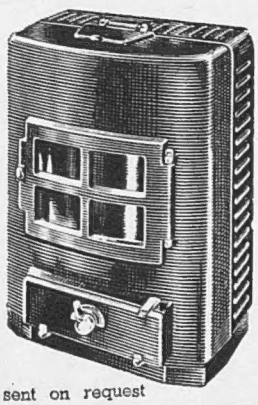

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The Wedding of the Jackal

(Continued from page 85)

but Jack didn't notice anything, not even the grammar."

"What did you say?"

"'There was the door to which you found no key:
There was the veil through which you could not see:
Some little talk of She and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and She.'"

Mrs. Chrichton stretched out her hand and took hold of the material again; and the pair of them looked at it intently.

"What does it feel like to be dead?" she asked at length.

"Very pleasant; one only remembers the sunny hours, as the sundial says."

"Those spent with Lady Anning and Mrs. James?"

Mr. Cribbage smiled. "Naturally," he said, "but there were others which I spent with a woman who had some trouble with her husband, and who wasn't afraid to start again."

"Oh, do you remember her?"

Mr. Cribbage took hold of her wrist and looked at her watch.

"Very much so. I have a feeling, too, that I am going to see a lot of her in my after life, which really begins in about three hours' time. In fact, she is the only person to accompany me."

Mrs. Chrichton looked at him softly. "But that surely was Good Deeds?"

"So the monk said, but he didn't know what he was talking about. There is only one person who goes with Everyman on his journey, and her name is not Good Deeds, but Prudence. That is a man's salvation in this world or the next. Without a little of her he is lost."

Mrs. Chrichton was about to answer him, when the woman who had been admiring the dress which the mannequin was showing suddenly made up her mind to buy it, and, the decision made, looked across at Mrs. Chrichton and Mr. Cribbage.

"Why, Prudence," she exclaimed, "I never saw you!"

"Possibly; you see, I'm dead," Mrs. Chrichton replied. "You know Mr. Cribbage? He's dead also."

The woman rose to the occasion nobly. "Then you'll be able to tell where the quick go when they die," she said.

"We're going to Prince's Row at half-past two," Mr. Cribbage told her, "and then we're getting on a boat."

"Where to?"

"We'll tell you if we ever return."

"But that is what they all say," the woman wailed.

"We'll send you an angel cake," Mrs. Chrichton promised her, and she turned to the saleswoman, while Mr. Cribbage watched her dark hair curling as a tiny wave arches just before it breaks upon the shore. He was looking at it carefully when the woman spoke again.

"You know," she said, "there's been a lot of scandal about you two."

"And the trouble is that we shan't be here long enough to live it down," Mr. Cribbage answered.

THE END.

The previous instalments in this series by Peter Traill were: "Decree Unless," "Nowhere for the Nonce," "St. Valentine's Day," "Wedding," "The Cocktail Hour," and "Glass of Sherry."

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

OCTOBER

Name { Mrs. / Miss } .....

Address .....

.....

An Empire in the Air

(Continued from page 92)

there is no easy method of imposing authority except by limiting flights to those that are for national purposes. Imperials, British Airways and Rail-Air are well occupied. The pool arrangements between Air France and the British companies for a joint service to Paris are due to come into force this week. The Empire gets its surcharged mails by air and most of the European companies are carrying on with reduced schedules. Royal Dutch have announced, in common with the operators in all neutral countries, that passengers cannot be accepted if they are in active military service with one of the belligerents or undertaking the journey for the execution of or in connection with an order of the military or civil authorities of one of those States at war. What exactly the latter restriction means it is hard to say, but anyone with a clear conscience, a certain amount of courage and a lot of money can fly from neutral to neutral and back home again with the greatest of ease. It is probable that an air connection to Lisbon will be established shortly. This was to have been the first stage in our line to South America, but nothing could be done until peace was declared in Spain. This happy event took place, but by that time the aircraft allotted to the route had been absorbed elsewhere. It would be a good thing also to show modern British air liners in Madrid. Spain has never been included in a British scheme of commercial air development, except in so far as it was obviously desirable to have a line from London to every European capital. Madrid not being on the way to anywhere else, its inclusion has been put a long way down on the list. The French line to South America is in operation for mails and calls are again being made on Spanish territory.

Pearl Freeman

One of England's Youngest

Sheila Taylor is the nineteen-year-old only child of Mr. M. C. Taylor, until recently chairman and managing director of Carreras (India), Ltd. She is one of the youngest volunteers in the country for the Women's Auxiliary Air Force

Wartime Motoring Commentary

(Continued from page 92)

FURTHER to my notes recently on conserving your petrol whilst driving, my advice to fit new sparking-plugs is endorsed (naturally enough!) by the makers of Lodge plugs, who add that it is important when renewing your plugs to ensure that the new ones are the precise grade and type recommended for your particular engine.

Incorrect or unsuitable plugs, they point out, are as big a waste of money as worn-out ones, and the wise motorist will therefore study the recommendation chart published by the makers of the plugs you intend to buy.

As to altered driving technique which I advised, two points which I did not cover are dealt with in a circular on the subject issued by the R.A.C., and I pass them on to you now as being well worth while.

The first is a recommendation to motorists to use second gear instead of bottom when drawing away from rest if your car is fitted with a four-speed gear-box, and the other is the suggestion regarding the removal of the fan.

Some cars, the R.A.C. point out, have a particularly efficient cooling system, and there may be a tendency for the engine to run at too low a temperature, particularly during cold weather.

In these circumstances the fan may be dispensed with, and the engine relieved thereby of considerable load.

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. . . ONLY IN BRITANNIA & EVE DO YOU GET STORIES LIKE THESE

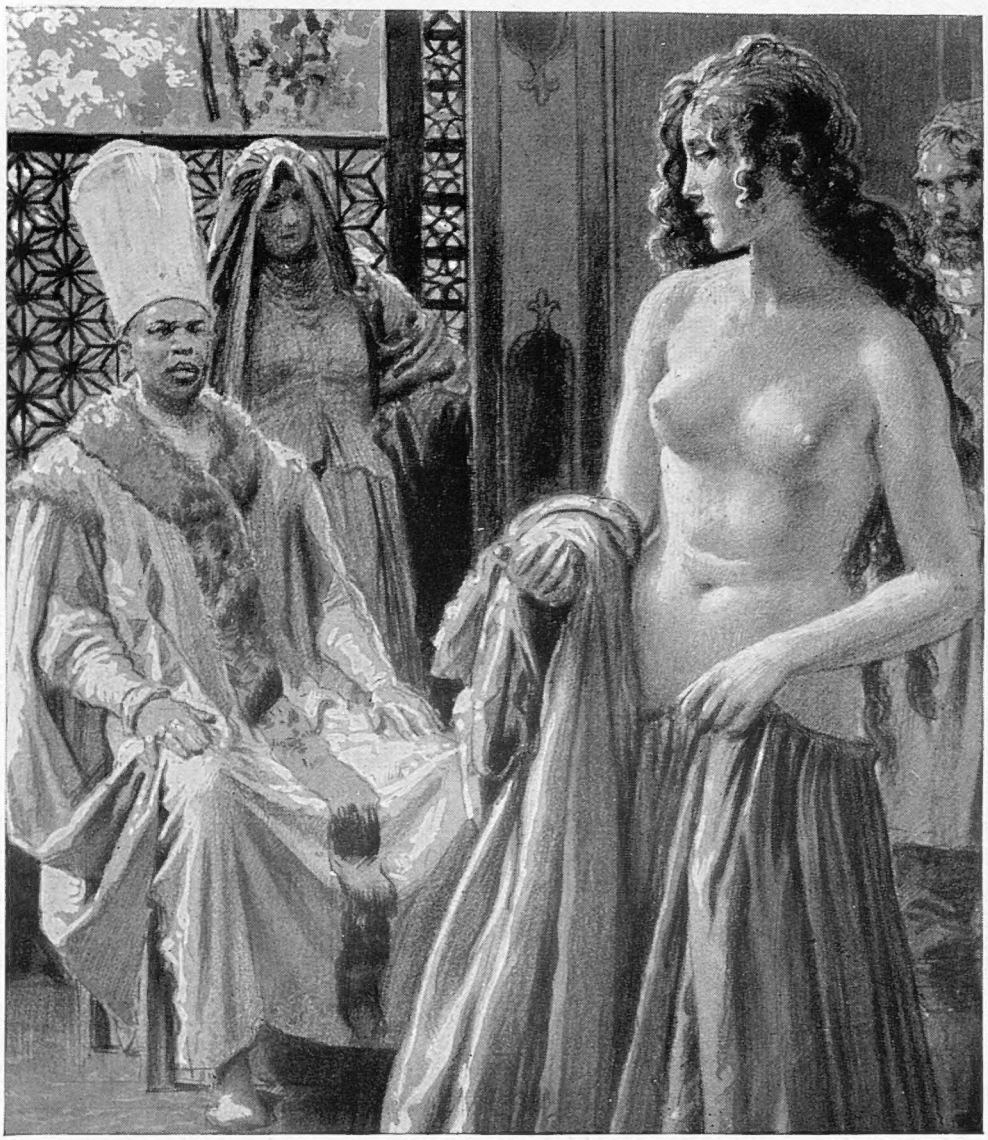
A TEMPTING subject which for lack of reliable references has for a long time been avoided by serious historians, is the seraglio of Constantinople. A great deal has been written about it, but the secrecy maintained in that impenetrable place makes it clear that legend constitutes a big part of the existing material.

A sudden stroke of good fortune has, however, brought to my attention a wealth of reference on that subject. I have come across an erudite narrative written by one signing herself Lady No. 10. Further inquiries have revealed that Lady No. 10 was one of the odalisques who evidently had occupied her leisure time in secretly writing of the life in the seraglio, recounting her contemporaries and her predecessors. She has most accurately described what she saw and learned in that golden prison to which could have been so appropriately applied that well-known line of Dante which runs: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

In what year this manuscript found its way out of the seraglio is not known, but it was first published in Milan as late as 1868. Let us look on that romantic world where life was keyed up to the most concentrated state of human feeling, where love, hatred, power, vanity, tenderness, tyranny and often madness intermingled with the horrors of hell and the delights of heaven.

Originally the seraglio was situated in the very centre of Constantinople, but towards the beginning of the sixteenth century Solyman II. removed it to an enchanting site on the seashore at the extreme end of the town. A great lover of beauty, Solyman built his seraglio with barbaric luxury, whilst adding the refinements imported from every part of the world, chiefly from Venice.

Within the precincts of this Garden of Eden there was accommodation for 5000 people, including the 2000 military guards that occupied the first court. The remaining 3000 was composed of the women of the Harem, the officials and the slaves in their varied capacities. Not one of these slaves was Turkish, they were all what was called children of tribute—that is to say, boys and girls specially chosen from amongst the people of vanquished nations. . . . *You'll want to read all of this fine story of Rosselana, the kidnapped girl who became an Empress: written and illustrated by F. Matania, R.I., in the series "Old Tales Retold."*



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THESE PEOPLE
By Marjory Hessell Tiltman
A young diplomat in Tokyo is left gasping by the intricacies of the oriental mind and thereby finds true romance.

WINGS OF WRATH
By Dale Collins
A millionaire's daughter sets her heart on marriage and by subtle means gets her father's consent.

A FAVOUR TO OLD VIENNA
By John Haggart
Two survivors of the old regime help two young people to escape from Nazi persecution . . . and find happiness in their sacrifice.

THE SPLIT SECOND
By C. Patrick Thompson
This enthralling article shows the speed-up that has occurred in every walk of life.

CRISIS
By Barbara Hedworth
The English wife of a wealthy Austrian resident in London needs an international crisis to warn her of the crisis rapidly approaching in her own life.

BEAUTY SECRETS
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More of those unusual beauty hints which all smart women adore.

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The "pause" of recent weeks was inevitable whilst manufacturers took stock of the raw material and package situation, but again the experienced advertiser knows the danger of leaving his good name open to the advances of a competitor and the inherent economic advantages of the institutional campaign when, for some good reason, advertising effort upon a specific product would be impracticable.

The reorientation of population is largely accomplished —and transport problems are being solved.

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